#### CLEOPATRA:

MEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIM IN HIS OWN HAND.

#### By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE TROUBLE OF CLEOPATRA; OF HER DATE TO HARMACHIS; AND OF THE TELLING BY HARMACHIS TO CLEOPATRA OF THE SECRET OF THE TREABURE THAT LAY BENEATH "HER."

That same night Cleopatra summoned me to her private chamber. I went, and found her much troubled in mind: never before had I seen her so deeply moved. She was alone and, like some trapped lioness, walking to and fro across the marble floor, while thought shased thought across her mind, each as clouds scudding o'er the sea, for a moment easting a

shadow in her deep eyes.
"Bo thou art come, Harmachis," she said. resting for a while, as she took my hand, "Counsel me, for never did I need counsel more. Oh, what days have the Gods measured out to me! days resttess as the ocean! No peace have I known from childhood up, and it seems none shall I ever know. Scarce by a very little have I escaped thy dagger's point, Harmachis, when this new trouble, that, like a storm, has gathered beneath the horizon's rim. bursts sudden o'er me. Didet mark that tigrish top? Well should I love to trap him! How soft he spoke! Aye, like a cat he purred, and all the time he stretched his claws. Didst mark the letter, too? it has an ugly look. I know this Antony. When I was but a child, budding into womanhood, I saw him; but my eyes were ever quick, and I took his measure. Half Hercules and half a fool, with a dash of genius veining his folly through. Easily led by those who enter at the gates of his voluptuous sense; but if crossed, an iron foe. True to his friends, f. indeed, he loves them; and oftumes false to his own interest. Generous, hardy, and in adversity a man of virtue; in prosperity, a sot and a slave to women. How deal with such a man, whom Fate and Opportunity have, despite himself, set on the crest of Fortune's wave? One day 'twill o'erwhelm him; but till that day he sweeps across the world and laughs at those

"Antony is but a man," I answered, "and a man with many foes; and, being but a man, he

can be o'erthrown." "Aye, he can be o'erthrown; but he is one of three, Harmschis. Now that Cassius hath gone where all fools go, Rome hath thrown out s hydra head. Crush one, and another hisses in thy face. There's Lepidus, and, with him. that young Octavianus, whose cold eyes may yet with a smile of triumph look on the murdered forms of empty, worthless Lepidus, of Antony, and of Cleopatra. If I go not to Cilicia. mark thou! Antony will knit up a peace with these Parthlans, and, taking the tales they tell of me for truth-and, indeed, there is truth in them-will fall with all his force on Egypt.

"How, then? Why, then we'll drum him back to Rome.'

"Ah! thou savest so, and perchance, Harmachis, had I not won that same we played together some twelve days gone, thou, being Pharach, mightest well have done this thing. for round thy throne old Egypt would have gathered. But Egypt loves not me nor my Greek blood; and but now have I scattered that great plot of thine, wherein half the land was meshed. Will these men, then, arise to succor me? Were Egypt true to me I could. indeed, hold my own against all the force that Rome may bring; but Egypt hates me, and had as lief be ruled by the Roman as the Greek. Still might I make defence had I the gold, for with money soldiers can be bought wherewith to feed the maw of mercenary battle. But I have none; my treasuries and though there is wealth in the land. yet do debts perplex me. These wars have brought me ruin, and I know not how to find a talent. Perchance, Harmachis, thou who art, by hereditary right, Priest of the Pyramids." and she drew near and looked me in the eyes. nerchance if long descended rumor does not lie, thou canst tell me where I can touch the gold to save thy land from ruin and myself from the grasp of Antony? Say, is it so?"

I thought awhile, and then I answered: And if such a tale were true, and if I could show thes treasure stored by the mighty Pharachs of the most far-off age against the needs of Khem, how can I know that thou wouldst indeed make use of that wealth to those good

"Is there, then, a treasure?" she asked curia truth the very name of gold at this time of want is like the sight of water in the desert." 'I believe," I said, "that there is such a

treasure, though I myself have never seen it. But this I know, that if it still lie in the place where it was set. 'tis because so heavy a curse shall rest upon him who wickedly and for sel-fish ends shall lay hands thereon that none of those Pharaohs to whom it hath been shown have dared to touch it, whatever their need." 'So," she said. "they were cowardly afore-

time, or else was their need not great. Will "Perchance." I answered. "I will show it to that thou wilt use it to defend Egypt from this Roman Autony and for the welfare of her

people."

"I swear it!" she said earnestly. "Oh, I swear by every God in Khem that if thou show est me this great treasure I will defy Antony and send Delifus back to Cilicia with words more sharp than those he brought. Aye. I'll do more, Harmachis: so soon as may be, I will take thee to husband before all the world, and thou thyself shalt carry out thy plans and beat the Roman eagles off."

Thus she spoke, gazing at me with truthful, earnest eyes. I believed her, and for the first time since my fall was for a moment happy, thinking that all was not lost to me, and that with Cleopatra, whom I loved thus madly, I might yet win my place and power back.

'Swear it. Cleopatral" I said. "I swear, beloved! and thus I seal my oath!" and she kissed me on the forehead. And I. too, kissed her; and we talked of what we would do when we were wed, and how we hould overcome the Roman. And thus was I again beguiled; though verily

I believe that, had it not been for the jealous anger of Charmion-which, as shall be seen, was ever urging her forward to tresh deeds of shame-Cleopatra would have wedded me and broken with the Roman. And, indeed, in the issue, it had been better for her and Egypt.

Far into the night we sat, and I revealed to her somewhat of that ancient secret of the mighty treasure hid beneath the mass of "Her." Thither, it was agreed, should we go on the morrow, and the second night from now attempt its search. So, early on the next day, a boat was secretly made ready, and therein did Cleopatra enter, veiled as an Egyptian lady about make a pilgrimage to the Temple Horemku. And I also, cloaked as pilgrim, entered with her, and with

us ten of her most trusted servants hidden as sailors. But Charmion entered not with us. We sailed with a fair wind from the Canopic mouth of the Nile; and that night, pushing on with the moon, we reached Sais at midnight, and here rested for a while. At dawn we once more loosed our craft, and all that day sailed swiftly, till, at last, at the third hour from the sunset, we came in sight of the lights of the opposite bank of the river, we moored our ship safely in a a bed of reeds.

Then, on foot and secretly, we set forth for the Pyramids, which were at a distance of nigh upon fifty stadis (about six miles), Cleopatra, I, and one trusted eunuch, for the other servants we left with the boat. Only for Cleopatra I caught an ass that was wandering in a tilled field, and threw a cloak upon it. Thereon she sat and I led the ass by paths I knew, the sumuch following after us. And, within little

more than an hour, having gained the great causeway, we saw the mighty pyramids towering up through the moonlit air and aweing us to silence. On we passed, in utter silence. through the haunted city of the dead. for all around us stood the solemn tombs, till at length we climbed the rocky hill, and stood in the deep shadow of Khufu Khut (the splendid

Throne of Khufu).
"Of a truth." whispered Cleopatra, as she gazed up the dazzling marble slope above her, everywhere blazoned o'er with a million mystic characters-" of a truth, there were Gods ruling in Khem in those days, and not men. This place is sad as Death—aye, and as mighty and as far from man. Here we must enter?" "Nay," I answered, "it is not here. Pass on."

I led the way through a thousand tombs, till we stood in the shadow of Ur (the Great), and gazed at his red, heaven-pieroing mass. "Is it here that we must enter?" she whis-

pered once again. "finy." I answered. "It is not here. Passon." And we passed on through many more tombs. until we stood in the shadow of Her," and Cleopatra gazed astonished at its polished beauty, which for thousands of years had night by night, mirrored back the moon-and at the black girdle of Ethiopian stone that circled its base about. For of all pyramids this is the most beautiful.

"Is it here that we must enter ?" she said. I answered, "Yes, it is here," And we passed round between the temple of the worship of his divine Majesty, Menka-ra, the Osirian, and the base of the pyramid till we came to the north side. Here in the centre is graved the name of Pharach Menka-ra, who built the pyramid to be his tomp, and stored therein his treasure against the need of Khem. "If the treasure still remains," I said to Cleopatra, "as in the days of my great-greatgrandfather, who was priest of this pyramid before me, it remained, 'tis hid deep in the womb of the mass before thes, Cleopatra; nor can it be come by without toil and danger. and terror of the mind. Art thou prepared to

enter-for thou thyself must enter and judge?" "Canst not thou go in with the ounuch Harmachis, and bring the treasure forth?" she said, for a little her courage began to fail her. "Nav. O Cleopatra." I answered. "not even for thee and for the weal of Egypt can I do this thing, for of all sins it would be the greatest sin. But this it is lawful for me to do. I. as hereditary holder of the secret, may, upon demand, show to the ruling monarch of Khem the place where the treasure lies, and show also the warning that is written. And if on seeing and reading the Pharaoh do deem that the need of Khem is so sore and strait that it is lawful for him to brave the curse of the dead and draw the treasure forth, it is well, for on his head must rest the weight of this dread deed. Three monarchs, so say the records that I have read, have thus dared to enter in the time of need. They were the divine Queen Ha-ta-su, that wonder known to the gods alone; her divine brother Men-Kheper-ra (Thotmes the Great); and the divine Mi-amen (Rameses II.). But of these three majesties, not one when they saw dared to touch, for, though sore their need, it was not great enough to consecrate the act. So, fearing lest the curse should fall upon them, they went hence sorrowing." A little she thought, till at last her spirit

vercame her fear. "At the least I will see with mine own eyes,"

"It is well." I answered. Then, stones having been piled up on a certain spot at the base of the pyramid to somewhat more than the height of a man by me and the eunuch who was with us. I climbed on them and searched for the secret mark, no larger than a leaf. And with some trouble, for the weather and the rubbing of the sand had worn even the Ethiopian stone. I found it. Having found it. I. in a certain fashion, pressed thereon with all my strength. Even after the lapse of years unnumbered the stone swung round, showing a little opening, through which a man might scarcely crosp. As it swung, a mighty bat, such as I had never seen before for bigness, for his measure was the measure of a hawk. flew forth and for a moment hovered over Cleopatra, and then in circles sailed slowly up and up till at the last he was lost in the bright light of the moon.

But Cleopatra uttered a cry of terror, and the eunuch, who was watching, fell down in fear, believing it to be the guardian spirit of the pyramid. And I, too, feared, though naught I said. For even now I do believe that it was the spirit of Menka-ra, the Osirian, who, taking on himself the form of a bat, flew forth from his holy House in warning.

A while I waited, till the foul air should clear from the passage. Then I drew forth the lamps and kindled them, and passed them, to the number of three, into the entrance of the pasge. This done, I want to the trusty eunuch. and, taking him saide, I swore him by the living spirit of Him who sleeps at Abouthis that those things which he was about to see he should not reveal.

This he swore, trembling sorely, for he was much afraid. Nor, indeed, did he reveal them.

This being done I clambered through the opening, taking with me a coll of rope, which I wound around my middle, and beckened to Cleopstra to come. Making fast the skirt of her robe she came, and I drew her through the opening, so that at length she stood behind me in the passage which is lined with slabs of granite. After her came the cunuch, and he also stood in the passage. And then, having taken counsel of the plan of the passage that I had brought with me, and which, in signs that none but the initiated can read, was copied from those ancient writings that had come down to me through one-and-forty generations of my predecessors, the priests of this Pyramid of Her, and of the worship of the temple of the Divine Menka-ra, the Osirian, I led the way through that darksome place toward the utter silence of the tomb. Guided by the feeble light of our lamps, we passed down the steep incline, gasping in the heat and the thick, stagnated air. Presently we had left the region of the masonry, and were slipping down a gallery hewn in the living rock. For twenty paces or more it ran steeply. Then its slope lessened, and shortly we found ourselves in a chamber painted white, so low that I, being tall, bad scarce room to stand, but in length four paces, and in breadth three, and cased throughout with sculptured panels. Here Cleopatra sank upon the floor and rested a while, overcome by the heat and the utter

while, overcome by the ness and the diver darkness.

"Rise!" I said. "Here we must not linger. or we faint."

So she rose, and, passing hand in hand through that chamber, we found ourselves face to lace with a mighty door of granite, let down from the roof in grooves. And once more I took counsel of the plan, pressed with my foot upon a certain stone, and waited. Then, suddenly and soitly, I know not by what means, the mighty mass heaved itself from its bed of living rock. We passed beneath, and found ourselves face to face with a second door of granite. Again I pressed on a certain spot, and of itself this door swung wide, and we went through, to find ourselves face to face with a third door, yet more mighty than the twain through which we had won our way. Foilowing the secret plan, this door I struck with my foot upon a certain spot, and slowly it sank as though at a word of magic till its head was level with the floor of rock. We crossed and gained another passage which descending sently for a length of tourteen passes, led us into a great chamber, paved with black marble, more than nine cubits high, by nine cubits broad, and thirty cubits long. In this marble floor was sunk a great sar-ophagus of granitie, and on its lid were graved the name and titles of the Queen of Menka-a. In this chamber, too, the air was more pure, though by what means it came thither I know not.

"Is the treasure here?" gasped Cleonatra.

"Nay." I answered: "follow me." and I led the way to a gailore, which we entered through an opening in the floor of the great chamber, too, the sir was more pure, though by what means it came thither I know not.

"Is the treasure bere?" gasped Cleonatra.

"Nay." I answered: "follow me." and I led the way to a gailore, which we entered through an opening in the floor of the great chamber, too, the sir was more pure though by what he door was open. Creeping along this shalt, or passage, for some ten paces, we came at length to a well, in depth seven cubits. Making fast one end of the roop that I had b darkness. Rise!" I said. "Here we must not linger.

"The "Opper," now known as the Third Fyramid.

THE TRADE IN HUMMERS.

HOW TRAMPS SPEND THE NIGHT AND START THE DAY.

An Almiess, Cheerless Lite of Wandering. Riceping in Police Stations and Long-ing Houses, and Drinking in Distilleries, Ten thousand "hummers" are sold of a morning in the city of New York before the ordinary inhabitant is either up or stirring, and are drunk before the sun rises or while it is rising. A "bummer" is the name given, technically, to a glass of five-cent whiskey, and it is known otherwise and more picturesquely as "the tramp's Morning Glory." An examination of how, why, and where these "hummers" are drank reveals a phase of New York city life very little known but interesting. Those acquainted with the popular thorough-

fares of New York, especially the Bowery, West street, Grand, Canal, and upper Third avenue, are, from long observation, familiar with a great number of tramps, indigent and idle persons, who seem to be walking or strolling toward no given point. The peculiar shambling gait of these unfortunates, their well-worn and lustreless apparel, and their needy importunities mark them without the need of any other description. But few persons ever pause to reflect what becomes of them in night timewhere they go and how they secure sleep in shelter. However bitter cold a winter's night may be, there are no fewer men to be found on streets than as late on an ordinary evening. The hospitality of this community does not show itself toward tramps, and in the city of New York these homeless men, of whom there are many thousands, would seek in vain a night's lodging in any dwelling not given over to their own use. The much larger num-ber of them find their way to the licensed lodging houses, of which there are 300, most of them situated along Chatham street (Park row) and the Bowery, and wherein the charge of a nightly "bunk" varies from 10 to 25 cents, and is generally 15. These lodging houses are old stores made over, and are more like dormitories than botels. Each one has a reading room of some kind, and it is a peculiar fact that the newspapers of this city are perused by no class of persons more patiently and industriously than by the frequenters of these humble nocturnal resorts. The internal arrangements of a tramps' lodging house are neither rich nor gaudy; in most cases they are neither sanitary nor legal. The boards which are used for beds are so arranged that, at a given signal, the occupants are precipitated on the floor, and the early hour selected for this "clearing out" is one of the griefs and grievances of a tramp's life in the city of New York. Very little dependence is placed by the proprietor on the integrity and conscience of his pairons, and both the prush and comb near the wash basin are affixed to the wall by a metal chain. The cake of some is not left carelessly for the free use of the lodgers, but is loaned to them when asked for in regular succession by the superintendent. The lights are left burning all night, and the watchfulness exercised over the lodgers is rather of the kind shown prisoners than displayed toward guests.

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However his misfortunes and infirmities may press upon him. the energetic decident pressure of him. However, a dear the centre of the control of the control of the centre of the centre

figure, become busy and animated. The tramp having drunk slides out of the salcon and is soon lost in the great crowd.

By 7 o'clock little trace of the lodging-house residents, or of the recipionts of the poor hospitality of the police are to be found, and the trade in hummers falls off, while the purchase of ten-cent whisker, whiskey cocktails, and milk purches begins. The men so regaling themselves are for the most part, persons engaged in hard manual work, or as cabmen, cart drivers. Iongshoremen, truckmen, and car drivers. When the city has had its breakfast, and the work of the day has begun in entrest, the barkseper of the salcon where hooks are sold begins to take his much needed rest, which is interpreted from time to time by the mysterious kneeking of empty bottles and flasks on the back bar where the liquid wants of the women onstomers are supplied. They make their purchases usually by the flask instead of by the glass, and what they get is supposed to last, and generally does last, until best morning.

There are no illusions in the business of solding hummers in the city of New York. Everything is practical and mature of fact, and the phase of human nature it discloses is one quite worthy of study. Many large fortunes have been made, and are being made, in this trade. One man, a distinguished and influential Republican politician, has made \$150,000 in the last twelve years running three such places. He has invested most of it in lodging houses, so that, both waking and sleeping, the tramp and the unfortunate contribute to the income thus derived and retained.

ONE OPIUM EATER CURED,

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Ent It Took a Term in Sing Sing and Endless Agony to De 1t. A confirmed opium smoker was recently asked whether he ever knew a person who had

been cured of the habit. "Only once," he replied. "and then it wasn't a voluntary cure by any means. He was a man about 35 years old, who had been a slave to the habit for fifteen years. He was so given up to it that his business went to sma-h, and he used to resort to all manner of things in order to get money to purchase a 'shell.' He used to crave eight shells or \$2 worth of oplum a day. and I have frequently met him in a joint that was run by two tough Chinamen in Marion street offering to roll for smokers in order to share their opium. One day he had been without a smoke for about seven hours, and he became so desperate that he tried to rob the till in a grocery store. He was detected

in a grocery store. He was detected and arrested. He got word down to the joint telling of his misfortune, and begging for God's sake that somebody would send him some opium. I bought some dry joinum pills, and got them in to him after a deal of trouble. The pext day I called on him, and a more miserable wretch I never saw. He was suffering the tortures of hell. He was doubled up with cramps in his stomach, and the inevitable pain between the shoulders, which feels as though somebody was driving spikes into your flesh, was racking him. These fortures were joined to severe pains in all the

doubled up with cramps in his stomach, and the inevitable pain between the shoulders, which feels as though somebody was driving spikes into your fiesh, was racking him. These tortures were joined to severe pains in all the joints, as though the limbs were decaying and would soon drop off. He had been without optum so long that he was fairly famishing, and the small quantity of the drug I had been able to send was disposed of in short order.

"There isn't a taste of it left, he yelled to me as I entered his cell in the Tombs. Then he rolled his tongue around as though searching for any small particles that might be hidden away in a tooth. I gave him the pills I had brought. He seized them like a starving man would seize a crust of bread. He placed two of them in his mouth and rolled them around until they had dissolved, and then washed them down with a mouthful of water. In a lew minutes he was lying on his cot as placid and happy as a healthy baby. I kept him supplied with opium until be was tried and sentenced. I managed to silp a few of them into his hand as be was on his way to Sing Sing. I heard no more of him and forgot all about him until one day, on Broadwar, several years later, a stalwart, rosy-checked fellow slapped me on the shoulder and heartily shook me by the hand. I was nearly surprised into a fit when he explained that he was the opium fiend of a few years ago. He said that when he got to Sing Sing the habit was on him very strong. The oilis I had given him had crumbled to dust in his pocket, and had become so mixed up with a lot of other stuff that he could not use them. He was in a raging torment that night, and cride for the drug. The keepers found him, and the prison physician, who was called, fortunately diagnosed the case cerrecity. It wasn't much credit to him, however, for every feature of the man's face and every motion of his body almest troclaimed him an opium flend. He was removed to him, however, for every feature of the man's face and every met, and the physician was kind enough t

Why They Won't Walt When You Want Them To, and Will When You Don't. "Oh, how mean!"

That's what a lady on Fourth avenue looked as if she was saying the other day when she signalled a street car and the driver, instead of stopping, whipped his horses and swung past

on the run.
"Bome of 'em awear," said the driver to a man smoking on the front platform. "Yes, sir, women, and pretty women, too. They swear right out so as I can hear 'em sometimes, when I whip up and leave 'em standing on the

From the Philadelphia Priegraph.

I wonder if there is any country in the world where suicide is accomplished with the same calm resolution that it is in France, and also in such eccentric ways and for such odd remons. For instance, I have heard lately of a man who killed himself because he had stolen a pair of socks, and was oppre-sed by remorae for the theft. One would imagine that a more practical way of proving his repentance would have been for him to have saved up his carnings to pay for the purioined articles. In shother instance a man hung himself because one of his comrates owed him for cents and would not pay him, and he was in consequence tired of life. A maile patient, suffering from a very painful disorder in one of the Paris hospitals, contrived to secrete a sharp knife under his bedeiothes, and literally committed hari-karl.

Not long ago a husband and wife, finding themselves in the last stages of consumption, and perceiving that their four children were all threatened with the same maindy hired a horse and carriage, the mother and children occupying the vehicle whils the husband drove. He made straight for a deep and rapid river near his home and drove the horse headlong into it, so that the whole party were drowned. The unhappy parents left behind them a declaration which both had signed, setting forth the reasons which had impelied them to the designated workman in Paris possessed a tame rabbit of which he was very iond, and

lato it, so that the whole party were drowned. The unhappy jarronts left behind them a declaration which both had signed, setting forth the reasons which had signed them to the desiration which trained to execute a number of and trained to execute a number of and trained to execute a number of mittle animal, but he always refused to part with it. Finally he was oftered \$50 for it, and the largeness of the sun overcame his bondness for his pet; so he let it so. He soon wasted the money in debauchery and riotous living, and then he hung himself, declaring in writing, before he committed the deed, that like was not worth the living since he no longer had his rabbit. I can better understand the action of a wretchedly poor old woman who shared her seemty meals and her miserable garret with a favorite dog. The animal died, and his mistress spent her last savings for a pan of charcoal, for, as she piteously said, she had no challed on earth to love or to love her, now that she had lost her dog. So she shat herself up and lighted her charcoal, and was found dend in her bed the next day.

The seems dividues with the rope and the asphyxiating lumes of charcoal the honors of popularity as a means of getting out of the world. These are not so numerous or as easy to obtain in France as they are in England or America. No apothecary can set the formal and signed prescrip are not to be obtained by the casual purchaser any more easily than are strychnine or arsenic. The only polsons within the reack of the would-be suicide are such as can be prepared at home, such as phosphorus, which is obtained by the casual purchaser any more easily than are strychnine or arsenic. The only polsons within the reack of the would-be suicide are such as can be prepared at home, such as phosphorus, which causes death by liniaming the coats of the stomach and the interest of the such as a complete. It is interest, and

ment of the fatal hour. But why should midsummer, with its bright sunshine, and its comparatively easy conditions of existence, when neither extra clothing nor fuel are necessaries of life, be the season most conducte to self-munder? That problem presents no reasonable means of solution. Yet nearly twice as many persons commit suicide in July as in December. It is possible that the calmiy flowing river, warmed and brightened by the summer sun, may tempt the wretched wanderer to seek for rest and peace in the cool, tranquil depths: while, on the other hand, the ley, muddy torrent of winter is repellant.

Schickle is far less common among very old or very young persons than with those of middle age, listween 40 and 60 is the period when his seems to become most burdensome. Very few young people kill themselves, and very few old ones. As to the causes of suicide, insanity, whether incipient or declared, furnishes the largest contingent. Impatience of physical pain, the suffering caused by agonizing and incurable filness, comes next. Drunkenness also supplies a large number of cases. But and incurable ilines, comes next. Drunkenness also supplies a large number of cases. But poverty and disappointed love come lowest on the list of predisposing causes.

As I have said before, the rope and the river are the most popular of all means of self-slaughter. The pistol comes next, and then asphyxiation by charcoal. Comparatively few persons have recourse to knives or to poison.

asphyxiation by charcoal. Comparatively few persons have recourse to knives or to noison. Some lew leap from an elevated print. Ike the Arc de Triomphe or the towers of Notre Dame. Instances are known of persons who have thrown themselves on the railway track in front of a passing train. Poison, for the reasons I have already stated, fornishes comparatively few victims. People have been known to drink themselves purposely to death, swallowing alcohol in such great quantities as to produce congestion of the brain. And last year one unhappy creature, a woman, deliberately starved herself to death.

The most dramatic case of suicide of which I

smoking on the front platform. "Yes, sir, women, and pretty women too. They sweat right out so as I can hear 'em sometimes, when I whip up and leave 'em standing on the crossil."

"Why didn't you stop and let her on?" asked the man in a somewhat indiamant tone. The control of the pretty of the man in a somewhat indiamant tone. The control of the pretty of the man in a somewhat indiamant tone. The control of the pretty of the man in a somewhat indiamant tone. The control of the pretty of the man in a somewhat indiamant tone. The control of the pretty of the control of the pretty walking papers. We don't leave receipts in hard looks and hard words for doin it, and that without our deservin' m. The people of the control of the pretty of the pretty of the control of the pretty of th

THE TREES IN CENTRAL PARK. Japan. Chiun, India, and, in Fact, the World

to Represented There. Central Park can boast of some rare and beautiful trees, and of a variety that is excelled in no other public park.

Starting from the Arsenal and passing up

Fifth avenue, you may see fine specimens of birches, beeches, and lindens. Turning in at the Seventy-second street entrance, on the south side of the drive is one of the rarest trees in this country. It is a Juponese eim, and was presented to the Central Park about thirty years ago by Thomas liogg, one of a family of New York horticulturists. It is about fortheen high, it is particular termarkal forger chains its search remains ling one of a family of New York horticulturists. It is about forger than American remains the search of the chain of t

imay be seen near the Fifty-ninth street wall. There is a flourishing silver maple near the avenue that was moved to make room for an enlarged walk.

The best evergreens in the Central Park are the Pieca Nordmania, or Nordmen spruce. The largest specimen is to be found in the Ramble, on the west side. There are many evergreens scattered about the Mail and Terrace. There are anumber of Oriental spruce trees and white pines and Bhota pines from India. The evergreens are planted along the west drive to make it especially a winter drive.

There are lew fruit trees in the Central Park, as the united wisdom of all the Park Commissioners and superintendents came to the conclusion that no amount of police vigilance could keep the boys make its life very unhappy.

There is a cherry tree in the Ramble, but the boys make its life very unhappy.

There are some fine white birch trees in the Central Park, some beautiful specimens near the Casho. The trunks of these trees are so white that a tree crank in the Park the other day sto, ped Superintendent Parks and wanted to know what he was having those trees whitewashed for. It is a European tree, grows forty or fifty feet high, and is the special favorite of photographers.

There are some nice groves in the Central Park, and during the season there are about 75,000 picnickers accommodated with pleasure grounds. There is a grove north of the Ramble, and some time ones at the upper end of the Park. The trees of the groves are chiefly eims, maples, and some time ones at the upper end of the Park. The trees of the groves are chiefly eims, maples, and oaks. There are some beautiful shrubs in the Park. In the neighborhood of Eighty-fifth street, on the west side, there is a clump of creeping juniter, flifty feet in circumference. Among the notable vines are Virginia creeper, Japanese ivy tumpet creepers, and wisteria. Over by the north end of the Mail, near the Casino, is a great wisteria whe run over a frame work big enough to shade hundreds of people. It is a grand sight in full b

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BREADWAY AND 14TH STREET,

THIS IS INDEED SAD.

The Second District Ignored for the Benefit

A plaintive wall is heard nowadays in the Second Assembly district at the way in which the Tammany chieftains handle Alderman Patrick Divver and his cohorts. There are those of his followers who loudly and threadeningly proclaim that if there is not some change of base pretty soon in the big hall in Fourteenth street toward the men who have put up their money and carried the Second district year in and year out, they will close their wallets and let some of the big men up in the wigwam have a trial of managing the district. The Second district Tammany men say that they began to feel the of neglect after President Cleveland took the guardianship of affairs in the nation in 1884 It is now way below zero for them on the politic

of neglect after President Cloveland took ing guardianship of affairs in the nation in 1884. It is now way below zero for them on the political the now way below zero for them on the political to keep alive by flapping their arms and had loaing. Not even the least of all the good things that were going around during the Cleveland Administration did any one in the Second district get. At first, say some of the rank and file, there were reports that Aiderman Divver was not as persistent in making the wants of his followers known as he ought to have been, but every one is now satisfied that Divver is a hustier from way back, and that if the Second district does not get its proper share of the good things that were in such abundance it is not because of lack of persistency on the part of Divver, but because the Second district is the Second district. This admission brings the hot blood to the face of the residents and loosens their tougues.

"The folks down here are good enough to vote, but as for holding office, we must not so much as think of it." said a Tammany man who has lived the greater part of his life in the Sixth ward, and whose check book shows his heavy contributions to the party. "Whenever any of us makes it known to the chieftain that we are in search of any particular place they sil start to laughing; and should any our smake it public that we would like a certain place for any of our friends we are sneered and hooted at. It would be well indeed if the people who are in the direction of affairs only would remember that the voters down her have feelings, and that while they are extrement natural in their conduct and affairs, they are not at all slow in showing their resentment to the pretentious. Divver's case is one, and it is anmaly Hall who wanted Divver last fall for Sheriff. His friends could not even get out siders to recognize that he had any claim upon the office. The fact that his ambition was desirable one. The fact that his ambition was hearing of preferment. The only answer is that no one and shoot their mouths off, not in the particular, graceful ways of the politicians from other districts. I have been considering for some time the propriety of firing my check book away and moving into another district. I have determined not to move, but have got rid of my check book. When the politicians come to me in the future for cash, I will show them the door. I want nothing to do with them.



The appelite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the fiver invigorated. Those who

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